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WEB OF SPIDER-MAN®

WELL ISN'T *THIS* A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

EVER SINCE SPIDER WENT OFF IN A *HUFF* OVER ME SELLING A VIAL OF HIS BLOOD TO *MORBIUS* THE LIVING VAMPIRE...

...HE'S ACTED A BIT DISTANT. WE'VE BARELY SEEN EACH OTHER SINCE HIS LIZARD PAL RETURNED, EVEN IF WE DID HAVE THAT LITTLE RENDEZVOUS BEFORE I GOT FRAMED.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #622--BLOODY BRENNAN.

ASM #630 & ASM PRESENTS BLACK CAT #1--WISENED WACKER.

MAYBE HE FOUND A NEW *PLAY MATE*. NOT THAT I COULD HOLD THAT *AGAINST* HIM.

THE *BLACK CAT* IS NEVER GONNA BE SOME MAN'S *HOUSE PET*.

I HAVE THE HEART AND SOUL OF A *STRAY*...

...AND SINCE SPIDER TEXTED ME TO MEET HIM AT OUR USUAL *RENDEZVOUS* TONIGHT, LET'S HOPE THAT MEANS HE'S FINALLY DECIDED TO *ACCEPT* THAT...

AH!

YOU?

MARY JANE WATSON & THE BLACK CAT ARE

THE EX-TERMINATORS

PART 1

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THE JACKPOT HITS?
Street sources say the vigilante known as Jackpot is back in town. Jackpot, formerly known as biologist Sara Ehret, left the East Coast after her husband was murdered by Boomerang. What's brought Jackpot's heightened abilities back to the Empire State? (more)

NEGATIVE REINFORCEMENT!
Alleged Chinatown crime boss Negative has been instrumental prison riot -- what's his end game? what does Jackpot have to do wit (more)

THE KITCHEN'S CLOSED!
The masked vigilante Daredevil and his followers have instituted a sort of martial law over Hell's Kitchen, one of New York's largest and most diverse neighborhoods... (more)

After Peter Par… most unemployable …by Mayor J. Jonah …ally become just as …make matters worse …and murdered a TV …der-Man.

…n blog in hopes of … The plan worked a …his living room with …Michele and friend …ip into his Spidey …

…nd out that The …ject of Professor …s named, Tyler …d into Professor …t does have the …y, levitation and the …

Spider-Man was then able to find where The Extremist hides out and a clue to who his next victim would be: his harshest critic, Mayor J. Jonah Jameson…

Parker,

Where are you? You haven't answered your phone in a few days. Rent's due on Monday - DON'T try to scam me.

--Michele

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YOU... KNOW WHO I AM?

PLEASE. I HAVE *BASIC CABLE.*

YOU'RE *MARY JANE WATSON.*

YOU *ONLY* HOST THE WORLD'S PREMIER *FASHION REALITY SHOW,* "SEWN UP," ON THE *ESTROGEN NETWORK!*

YES, WELL, THAT WOULD BE--

THIS SEASON HAS REALLY *SUCKED,* YOU KNOW.

I...UH...

WHAT?

THE JUDGES--THANKS TO PRESSURE FROM THE *PRODUCERS,* I BET--ARE VOTING OFF FAR *SUPERIOR* DESIGNERS TO KEEP ON LESSER, BUT MORE TELEGENIC AND/OR *DRAMA-PRONE* ONES.

YOU'RE UNDERMINING THE FUNDAMENTAL APPEAL OF THE SHOW IN A CHASE FOR THE *LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR.*

IT'S NO WONDER YOUR RATINGS HAVE *TANKED.*

HEY. THANKS FOR YOUR INPUT.

AND I GOTTA SAY: "*ESTROGEN*"? *SERIOUSLY?* THAT'S THE MOST *CONDESCENDING* NAME FOR A WOMEN'S NETWORK I EVER HEARD.

NOT REALLY MY DEPARTMENT...

SAY, DO YOU WANT TO ASK WHY I ASKED YOU UP HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?!

NO NEED TO.

YOU'VE STOLEN SPIDER-MAN'S CELL PHONE.

TAKE IT EASY--YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG--

SNAAAP

N

TCH.

CURSE THE *LUCK*, HUH?

LOOK.

HONEY.

I'M NOT--

SSSSSH. I TALK NOW.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE GOING WITH SPIDER AND, *TRUST* ME, I DO *NOT* CARE.

I HAPPEN TO BE A CONTENT AND HAPPY PERSON FULLY AT EASE WITH HER *SELF-WORTH* WITH OR WITHOUT THE COMFORTS OF *MONOGAMY.*

I DON'T--

I AM PERFECTLY WILLING TO SHARE HIM WITH *ANYONE,* INCLUDING *C-LIST CELEBRITIES* SUCH AS YOURSELF.

WHETHER OR NOT HE STAYS WITH YOU EXCLUSIVELY, OR ME, OR *NEITHER,* IS UP TO *HIM.* AND HIM ALONE.

THE SOONER YOU *ACCEPT* THAT, THE HAPPIER YOU'LL BE.

AND IF I CATCH YOU DECEIVING OR STALKING OR *THREATENING* ME *AGAIN--*

--I SWEAR. I *WILL* HURT YOU.

IT'S NOT *LIKE* THAT! SPIDER-MAN IS *MISSING--INJURED,* PROBABLY!

I NEED YOUR HELP TO *FIND HIM--*

WHOOSH

I DON'T TURN MY ALARM CLOCK OFF FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN THREE GRAND UP FRONT.
OOOOF!

SENTIMENTAL TYPE, HUH?
ALWAYS MIX PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS.
YOU ACCEPT PLATINUM AMERICAN EXPRESS?

WHY NO.
I DO NOT.

FPP FPP FPP FPP FPP

ARROGANT, IMPULSIVE, INAPPROPRIATE, MERCENARY...

...SHE'S *EXACTLY* HOW I *REMEMBER* HER.

HEY, BABY! WHAT YOU DRESSED UP FOR? C'MON, GIVE US A SMILE!

YEAH, BEAUTIFUL, WHY WON'T YOU SMILE?

SHE ACTUALLY DATED POOR *FLASH THOMPSON* JUST TO GET *BACK* AT "THE SPIDER" FOR MOVING IN WITH *ME!*

"WITHOUT THE *COMFORTS OF MONOGAMY*" MY *BUTT!*

SHE'S THE *LAST PERSON* FROM MY *OLD LIFE* WITH HIM I *WANT* TO TURN TO FOR HELP...

...BUT SHE'S THE ONLY ONE I KNEW HOW TO GET INTO *CONTACT* WITH ON *SHORT NOTICE.*

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG PETER'S GOT.

HE ONCE *SWORE* THAT NO MATTER HOW *FLIGHTY* SHE SEEMS...BLACK CAT'S BEEN ONE OF THE MOST *LOYAL* FRIENDS HE'S EVER HAD.

HEY.

LOOK!

THAT BETTER NOT HAVE BEEN HIS *PANTS* TALKING

OKAY. *NOW* YOU HAVE MY FULL ATTENTION.

SPIDER-MAN CALLED ME YESTERDAY...WANTED HELP WITH A, UH, I GUESS YOU'D CALL IT A "*CASE*" HE WAS WORKING ON...

THAT'S NOT *ALL* HE'S WORKING ON, I'M SURE...

I TOLD YOU. WE'RE *NOT* DATING.

AND I TOLD YOU:

I TOTALLY BELIEVE YOU.

KNOW A MODEL NAMED *LOLA HUXLEY?*

ONLY TO FAKE *CHEEK-KISS* AT *CHARITY FUNCTIONS.*

SHE WAS BIG IN THE *EIGHTIES* BUT IS ENJOYING QUITE THE *RENAISSANCE* NOW. WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST?

NOT OVER THE PHONE. CAN YOU MEET ME...

"...IN AN ALLEY NEAR THE *COFFEE BEAN,* THIS PLACE WE FREQUENT.

"SPIDER-MAN WASN'T THERE, BUT HIS CELL PHONE WAS.

"IT WAS ALL SCUFFED.

"I THOUGHT MAYBE IT HAD FALLEN."

"I FAST-TALKED THE LANDLORD UP TO THE ROOF OPPOSITE--THERE WERE SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE.

"FRESH BLOOD, EVEN.

"I LOOKED THROUGH HIS PHONE AND FOUND SOME, AH, RATHER *GRAPHIC* TEXTS, AND REALIZED THEY CAME FROM *YOU.*

"I FIGURED OUT YOUR MAIN RENDEZVOUS SPOT FROM OLD MESSAGES...SENT YOU A TEXT TO MEET ME THERE... AND HERE WE *ARE.*"

YES...I PRIDE MYSELF IN BEING THE *EMILY DICKINSON* OF *"SEXTING"*...

EW?

ANY IDEA WHAT INTEREST SPIDER HAD IN HUXLEY?

SURE HE DIDN'T JUST WANT TO SHOW HER HIS *"WEB-SHOOTERS"* TOO?

NO. AND *EW?*

I SENT LOLA A TEXT, TOO.

I'M MEETING HER AT A SHOOT IN THE MEATPACKING DISTRICT TOMORROW MORNING FOR *QUOTE-*COFFEE-*UNQUOTE.*

ONE WAY

AND YOU WANT A GUARDIAN ANGEL SHADOWING YOU? SURE, I CAN DO THAT.

GLAD YOU'RE UP TO IT. I WASN'T SURE, I'D HEARD...

WHAT?

...WELL, I HEARD YOU *LOST* YOUR *"BAD LUCK"* POWERS...

HEARD WITH ONE CHEEK ON SPIDER'S *PILLOW,* NO DOUBT.

WELL, DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY *RED* LITTLE *HEAD...*

"...I GOT BETTER."

The High Line Park.

NEXT MORNING

YES! TO THE LEFT, LOLA! TO THE LEFT! GOOD GIRL!

KLK WHRR KLK KLK KLK

OKAY

I CAN DO THIS

FOR PETER

LOLA HUXLEY MAY BE A BARRACUDA IN *PUMPS*--

--BUT I AM GOING TO FINESSE HER INTO TELLING ME WHATEVER *DIRT* PETE THOUGHT SHE WAS *INTO*

BECAUSE I AM A *DAMN* GOOD ACTRESS

I AM

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, DEAR.

YOU DO?

OF COURSE. THAT SHOW YOU HOST. THE DESIGNERS--THE MODELS--

YOU.

LEAVE US.

BUT AGE, THAT JEALOUS *CRONE*, HAS ALREADY LEFT HER *MARK*. AROUND THE *EYES*-- THE *HIPS*...

MY HIPS?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY HIPS?

POOR, POOR *MJ*. YOU'RE LIKE A RECOVERING ALCOHOLIC TENDING *BAR*.

YOU WANT BACK IN THE *ACTION*. THE LIGHTS. THE CAMERAS.

MY GOD! THE *CLOTHES!*

GIRLFRIEND, *PLEASE*. COSMO SAYS *DENIAL* IS A LEADING CAUSE OF *WRINKLES*.

I WAS ONCE IN *YOUR* HEELS. BUT THE RUMORS ARE TRUE:

I FOUND A *CURE*.

YOU CAN *TOO*. I ALSO GET A SMALL *REFERRAL FEE*, SO IF YOU WENT TO HER, YOU'D BE DOING *ME* A FAVOR...

...PARTICULARLY IN LIGHT OF MY CURRENT...*SNIFF!*...*FINANCIAL* STATE...

"*HER*"? BUT...THIS CARD...

...IT'S BLANK.

SPIDER, SPIDER, SPIDER...

...WHATEVER AM I TO DO WITH YOU?

Jazz

POUR HOMME

I WISH YOU'D SHOW A LITTLE MORE *IMAGINATION* THAN THE EX-CHEERLEADER, GIRL-NEXT-DOOR, *SEARS LINGERIE MODEL* TYPE.

I'LL ADMIT SHE HAS MORE *GUTS* THAN THE AVERAGE BUBBLE-HEADED CLOTHESHORSE...

...BUT *STILL*...

YOU MADE THE SAFE CHOICE.

STORY OF YOUR LIFE.

WHAT THE WHAT?

RINGO! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'? I SAID LEAVE THE OTHER ONE ALONE! DOC JUST WANTS HUXLEY!

NO, MORON! I SAID THE BRUNETTE! THE BRUNETTE! AND I SAID I'D GRAB HER!

THIS...ISN'T HUXLEY?

THEN-- WHO IS THIS?

AAAAHHH!!

THAT'D BE MY *CLIENT*.

PLEASE DON'T KILL HER BEFORE SHE SUBMITS MY *1099*.

NNNNH!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS, RED.

SERIOUSLY, CAN WE?

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH LOLA!

SO? I WORK FOR **YOU**, NOT HER.

AND *BECAUSE* YOU WORK FOR ME, I'M TELLING YOU GO *RESCUE* HER!

SHE'S OUR ONLY LINK TO WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SPIDER-MAN! *GO GO GO!!*

OKAY, *OKAY!*

SLAVE DRIVER...

LET GO OF ME! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! IT'S NOT FAIR!

BETTER STOP STRUGGLING, HONEY. YOU'RE NOT GONNA LIKE **FREEDOM** TOO MUCH TWENTY STORIES IN **THIN AIR.**

DOC'S BEEN AS PATIENT AS SHE CAN WITH YOU. YOU KNEW WHAT WAS GONNA HAPPEN IF YOU MISSED THREE PAYMENTS.

IF YOU HADN'T STOLEN ME OFFA MY GIG, I MIGHT HAVE THE MONEY TO PAY--

NAW. NAW, I DON'T **THINK** SO.

ALL THAT NEW **MODELING** DOUGH'S GONE STRAIGHT UP YOUR **NOSE--**

HEY! WATCH IT!

WHAT THE HELL? CAME OUTTA NOWHERE--

I KNOW...

...CURSE THE *LUCK.*

AAAAH! DAMN IT!

MY KNEE! I HAVE TO POSE FOR A SWIMSUIT SPREAD IN TONGA IN SEVENTY-TWO HOURS! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

SHUT YOUR *PIE HOLE* AND GET *OUT* OF HERE BEFORE I FORGET I'M A *PROFESSIONAL.*

GET OUT *WHERE?* I'M NOT A *PIGEON!*

HANG ON, GEORGE! I GOTCHA--

FWAP

FWAP

FWAP

FWAP

FWAP

FWAP

FWAP

FWAP

AAAAAAAHHHH!

KROONNNNCH

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.

LADY, YOU JUST MESSED WITH PEOPLE YOU DO NOT WANT TO MESS WITH.

THE DOC DON'T GOT NO ISSUES WITH YOU...

SNAAAPP

THE "DOC"?

OH, NO...TELL ME HE DOESN'T MEAN...

...DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE REPOSSESSION OF HER TECHNOLOGY FROM A DEADBEAT.

NOW YOUR LIFE AIN'T GONNA BE WORTH SPIT IN THIS TOWN.

NO WORRIES.

I'VE GOT EIGHT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

SKKRREEEEEF

GGGAAAAHHHH!!

GEORGE! WE DON'T NEED THIS FRAIL--OR WASTE TIME WITH HER BODYGUARD--

STOP!! LET GO--

--WE'RE JUST HERE FOR HER GLAMOUR RIG!

EYYUGGHH!

EYYUGGHH!

NOOOOOO!!

WHOA. SO THAT'S WHAT LOLA HUXLEY *REALLY* LOOKS LIKE...

HANG IN THERE, KIDDO. YOU'RE GOING INTO SHOCK. I'LL CALL YOU AN AMBULANCE...

AND THEN I'VE GOT TO FIND *MARY JANE*...

GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE NOT COMPLETELY USELESS, RINGO.

YOU'RE TOO KIND, GEORGE.

...SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT SHE'S SET IN MOTION HERE...

BEE BEE BEE BEE BEE BEE

THE... CARD?

BEE BEE BEE BEE BEE BEE

?!

SCREEECH

WHRRRR

HUH.

OKAY...

...TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER...

Just outside JFK Airport.

MISS WATSON.

WELCOME.

I AM DOC TRAMMA.

AND THIS IS MY BODYSHOP.

MAY I BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON TAKING THAT FIRST STEP TO BEING WHAT YOU'VE DREAMED THROUGH THE GLORY OF SURGICALLY IMPLANTED CYBERNETICS.

DON'T THINK YOUR REFERRAL BY THE SCOFFLAW MIZZ HUXLEY IS A MARK AGAINST YOU.

I'VE ALREADY TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF EXAMINING YOUR SAVINGS AND CHECKING ACCOUNTS AND FIND YOU A MUCH BETTER RISK THAN SHE FOR MY GLAMOUR-ENHANCEMENT SERVICES.

THOUGH YOU MUST NOT HAVE BEEN AWARE OF IT, YOU HAD A MUCH BETTER REFERENCE RIGHT UNDER YOUR VERY NOSE...

WHA...?

...YOUR BODYGUARD CAME TO ME SOME TIME AGO TO HAVE HER "BAD LUCK" POWERS RESTORED!

SORRY, RED...

...YOU GOT OUTBID.

"ONE OF THE MOST LOYAL FRIENDS HE EVER HAD?"

PETER!!!

NEED WE SAY IT?

Continued Next Issue!

MROW!

SO LET'S RECAP...

...HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS HAVE I SCREWED UP TONIGHT?

TRIED TO SAVE THE LIFE OF BOOMERANG, MY HUSBAND'S KILLER.

CHECK.

FAILED TO SAVE THE LIFE OF MY HUSBAND'S KILLER.

CHECK.

LET MAN WHO ORDERED THE HIT ON MY HUSBAND PLAY MINDGAMES WITH ME.

CHECK.

FELL FOR SAID MIND GAMES AND RAN OFF, HALF-COCKED, TO PICK A FIGHT WITH LOCAL SUPER-CRIME LORD, MR. NEGATIVE.

CHECK.

JACKPOT IN DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

MARC GUGGENHEIM WRITER *SANA TAKEDA* ARTIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER *TOM BRENNAN* EDITOR

KILLER WAS, IN FACT, DEAD AS ORIGINALLY BELIEVED.

OKAY, THIS ONE I'M GIVING MYSELF A PASS ON BECAUSE THE NYPD'S CRIME SCENE UNIT DID, IN FACT, FINGERPRINT A BODY.

THOUGH I WILL COME TO DISCOVER THAT FINGERPRINTS ARE NOT COMPLETELY INFALLIBLE.

OBVIOUSLY.

NOW...I BELIEVE WE WERE DISCUSSING WHY MR. MYERS IS OF INTEREST TO YOU.

BECAUSE I KILLED HER HUSBAND.

WAS ON TRIAL FOR IT, TOO, WHEN YOU SPRUNG ME.

THANKS FOR THAT, BY THE WAY.

YOUR EXTRACTION WAS MERELY A PREAMBLE TO YOUR EXECUTION, MR. MYERS.

NIGHT'S YOUNG.

RIGHT, SARA?

SEE, I'M GUESSING THAT MS. EHRET HERE--

(THAT'S HER REAL NAME, BY THE WAY. SARA EHRET. NO "H" AT THE END OF SARA. E-H-R-E-T.)

--ISN'T GOING TO LET YOU KILL ME.

USE MY NAME ALL YOU WANT, JACKASS. NOT FOR NOTHING AM I LIVING UNDER A *NEW IDENTITY* THESE DAYS.

WELL, THIS IS *EXTREMELY* INTERESTING.

IT'S RARE I FIND MY INTERESTS IN ALIGNMENT WITH THOSE OF THE COSTUMED-HERO COMMUNITY.

IT'S RATHER AMUSING.

NOT AS MUCH AS YOU'D THINK.

BECAUSE I'M NOT LETTING YOU KILL THIS MAN.

WELL, THAT'S INTERESTING FOR A FEW DIFFERENT REASONS.

FOR ONE, I FIND IT FASCINATING TO THINK YOU CAN STOP ME.

MOREOVER, IF IT'S TRUE THAT THIS MAN MURDERED YOUR HUSBAND--

IT'S TRUE. I BURIED A BOOMERANG IN THE GUY'S CHEST. OUCHIE.

--I CAN *GUARANTEE* YOU THAT MY BRAND OF JUSTICE IS MORE DEPENDABLE AND *FINAL* THAN THAT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

GET OUT OF HERE.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT WE PROBABLY HAVE DIFFERENT DEFINITIONS OF "JUSTICE" AND LEAVE IT AT THAT, ALL RIGHT?

HE'S RIGHT, SARA. MYERS IS GOING TO *WALK*, EITHER BY TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE OR--GOD FORBID--AN ACTUAL *ACQUITTAL.*

GET OUT. LEAVE.

GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL ROOM, CALL YOUR DAUGHTER, ORDER UP SOME CHAMPAGNE AND RAISE A GLASS TO JUSTICE DONE.

I REALLY WISH I COULD.

WHAT WAS THAT?

NOTHING...

EXCEPT I'M REALLY GOING TO HAVE TO RETURN MR. MYERS TO HIS PRISON CELL NOW.

OF COURSE, I'M SURE I CAN JUST COUNT ON HIM TO NOT TESTIFY AGAINST MY ASSOCIATES.

MY LIPS ARE SEALED.

TRULY.

JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, JACKPOT... IF YOU COULDN'T GET PAST ME BEFORE* WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN DO IT NOW?

*"BEFORE" A/K/A "LAST ISSUE."--*BOOKSMART BRENNAN*

WELL, *BEFORE* I DIDN'T USE MY GRAPPLING *GUN.*

GHG--

KILL HER RIGHT NOW!

GFH--

GAH--

I MEAN, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU'VE GOT MANY ESCAPE ROUTES...

C'MON.

WHAT'S THE PLAN HERE, SARA?

LET *ME* WORRY ABOUT THAT.

THANK YOU FOR THE GUN, MR. UNCONSCIOUS.

AND STOP CALLING ME **SARA**.

CHAK CHAK

CHAK CHAK CHAK

AVENGERS-SPONSORED INITIATIVE TRAINING.

BLACK WIDOW ALWAYS SAID, "JUST BECAUSE YOU WEAR A COSTUME DOESN'T MEAN YOU SHOULDN'T LEARN HOW TO SHOOT A *GUN*."

SHE WAS RIGHT.

KILL HER NOW OR I'LL KILL EACH AND EVERY ONE OF--

CHK

I WONDER...YOU MAY BE NEGATIVE, BUT ARE YOU *BULLETPROOF?*

YOU DON'T WANT ME INDULGING MY CURIOSITY.

AND MYERS, DON'T THINK FOR A SECOND I DON'T SEE YOU SLINKING OFF.

ALL RIGHT. IT SEEMS YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE.

IT *DOES* SEEM THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT?

MY ASSESSMENT OF YOU DIDN'T INCLUDE A WILLINGNESS TO INDULGE IN GUNPLAY.

YEAH, WELL, LIVE AND LEARN.

UNLESS, THAT IS, YOU DON'T *WANT* TO LIVE.

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A GUN...BUT I WONDER ANYWAY, WOULD YOU DO IT?

DO *NOT* CONFUSE MY DESIRE TO SEE MR. MYERS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE WITH A SQUEAMISHNESS WHEN IT COMES TO KILLING.

"NICE BLUFF."

BACK THERE. THAT WAS A GOOD BLUFF.

BUT I THINK WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE NOT A KILLER, ***SARA.***

...

APPARENTLY NOT.

NEGATIVE ***LET*** US GO. HE WASN'T SCARED, HE JUST DIDN'T WANT THE FIGHT.

WELL SINCE WE'RE BEING HONEST WITH EACH OTHER...YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO I'M NOT DOING ANY TIME.

I'M EITHER GETTING WITNESS PROTECTION OR GETTING OFF.

SO THE ***ONLY*** WAY YOU'RE GETTING JUSTICE HERE IS TO PUT A BULLET IN ME.

I MAY FANTASIZE ABOUT KILLING YOU...I MAY TALK A GOOD GAME... BUT, END OF THE DAY, I HAVE TO GO HOME TO ***HER.***

AND I HAVE TO BE BETTER THAN ***MYSELF.*** I HAVE TO BE THE PERSON I WANT HER TO GROW INTO.

THAT'S SWEET.

BUT WHAT IF ONE DAY, I DECIDE IT MIGHT BE FUN TO FIND OUT WHERE YOU'RE LIVING NOW... AND PAY A VISIT ON THAT SWEET GIRL OF YOURS --

URCH--

SHERMAN OAKS, CALIFORNIA.

THREE DAYS LATER.

MOMMEEEEEEEEE!

HEY, LITTLE BEAR. HOW WAS MY GOOD GIRL?

GOOD.

SHE WAS *EXCELLENTE*, MISS ALANA.

DID YOU BRING ME A PRESENT?

MADDIE--

NO, INGRID, IT'S ALL RIGHT. AS IT TURNS OUT, I SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING RIGHT...

...HERE.

THANK YOU, MOMMY!

SO? DID THE BAD MAN GET PUNISHED?
HMM?
THE MAN WHO HURT DADDY.
YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE SURE HE GOT PUNISHED.
DID HE GET PUNISHED, MOMMY?
HE SURE DID, SWEETIE.
HE SURE DID...
FRONT-LINE
BOOMERANG COMES BACK!
Costumed Creep Turns States Evidence..
Murder Charges dropped!
END.